

BALCONY SQUARE

PUCKERS BLANK
MEDS 4-0

DE BURGOS IS SPANISH
U.N. REPORT

BALCONY SQUARE JANUARY 29, 1970

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Estonians Approach College

By Henry Flam

On Tuesday, January 20, the Housing Committee was presented with a proposal regarding a plot of land suitable for students' residence by Mr. Tampold representing the Estonian Relief Organization.

The land in question is a four and a half acre lot, across the valley, south from the College. This location seems convenient for the students of the College because of its proximity to the College.

According to Mr. Tampold, the College can either buy the land, and build its own residence on it, or the Estonian Relief Organization can erect a building and rent it out to students of the College. As the renting approach, seemed to be favored by the members of the



Mr. Tampold (center) discusses his proposals with members of the Housing Committee.

Committee, the consequent technicalities of the proposed design. discussion was centered on finances, and the

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Mike McGowan — Balcony Square

With ideal snow conditions, skiing is excellent at the Rouge Hill slopes. Scarborough College offers a ski night weekly, every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. A blue bus leaves the College for the slopes and returns at 10:30, arriving in time for the last down-town bus.

A Proposal for Recreation

by Lynda Joyce

The Planning and Building Committee was formed to prepare the plans for the proposed extension of the College building to meet the increasing enrollment of students expected in the next years. The details of plan 2a (for construction in May) and plan 2b are now being worked out, while the ideas for later plans are being discussed. Thus, members of the Committee (which includes two architects) must continually keep in mind both the long-range and short-term needs of the College. It was suggested in the meeting on January 20 that details of both plans be submitted to the Faculty Council, the Staff Association, and Student's Council.

Mr. Fitzgerald (Superintendent) explained his proposal concerning the new parking lots to replace the part of lot 2 that will be destroyed by incoming trucks working on the construction of plan 2a. The Committee accepted Mr. Fitzgerald's idea to build gravel parking lots to the right of and adjacent to the College, rather than concrete parking lots on the corner of Military Trail and Ellesmere. Reasons for the change included economy, increase of the number of parking spaces, and the greater ability of the gravel lots to be modified in case of a change in plans.

Finally, there was discussion of Dean Riddick's proposal that recreation in the College should be controlled by a College Union under independent management that charged a fee and was open to all College members. This would be a separate building, overcoming the possible "social disaster" of a monolithic building. The Committee decided to set up a further committee to consider views of the College as a whole and to investigate other systems.

Berry saves the Day

By Martyn Weir

Last Sunday night, once again the power of emotion in rock 'n' roll triumphed over many obstacles and hassles as Chuck Berry, a near-resident in Toronto, played two shows (almost) at Convocation Hall.

This concert added to the feelings that young kids should not attempt to crash in on the big time promotion scene until they lose the extensive wetness which lies behind their aural protruberances.

There were supposedly two shows scheduled, but by near the time for the second show to begin, Chuck Berry had not yet taken the stage, nor had he or the promoters signed any contracts for the concerts.

Couple this with the failure on the part of New College to sell sufficient tickets for two shows anyway, due to faulty and inextensive promotion; plus the usually expected hassles arising from the naivety of the promoters, and one can realize what a frustrating evening it could have been.

Fortunately the promoters had picked an artist capable of turning an inevitable disaster into a very entertaining and warm evening.

Chuck Berry made the night a success. His indescribable charisma created a tangible air of electricity and instantaneous audience reaction, "Ole!" He ripped into "Nadine" and then "Maybelline" and never stopped from there on, each number getting hotter and the audience clapping louder and louder.

After waiting for the right moment, Berry abruptly changed the pace with "Wee Wee Hours" and then realizing that no matter what he did, the audience was his; he did the semi-dirty (it's all in your level y'know) "Dingaling Song", then "Johnny Be Goode," and Convocation Hall moved with 900 simulated (?) orgasms.

With the intermission came another threat to the night; one of the culprits involved with the concert decided to enter the sublime from the pathetic with perhaps the most tragic comedy act of all time.

The pity of it is, the person (luckily unidentified) felt he was being the world's greatest M.C.

Toronto's Whiskey Howl were the supporting act and continued to prove themselves one of the most

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BALCONY SQUARE

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Editorial

Last week, the Association of Teaching Staff at the University of Toronto made public their demands for a 22 per cent wage hike for all academic staff.

The professors are long overdue in their demands for wage parity with the outside professional world, but they are demanding too much at one time. As a group, the Faculty, although highly educated, suffer in that they do not receive the same salary as do their peers working in commercial establishments.

The figure of 22 per cent is unrealistic as the University, like many other businesses, can not and will not pay such a wage boost. University funds have already been heavily committed to new building construction and the upgrading of existing facilities.

ATS should negotiate a 22 per cent wage increase over a five-year period. This might prove more feasible for the Administration and would end yearly salary talks.

Another alternative that ATS could consider, would be to approach the U of T with a proposal of a ten per cent wage increase. Perhaps this demand would not prove so shocking to the Administration.

The Ontario Government will probably turn down a University request for more funds to cover a raise to the Faculty. As elections are in the offing, the Conservatives do not want to risk arousing the ire of the voting public or giving a chance of criticism by the Opposition.

The Government does not want to irritate the general public — the taxpayers — with more large grants to the U of T. With the Ottawa White Paper proposals, increased sales taxes, and Federal-Provincial governmental arrogance to the public, the average voter will not tolerate increased government spending towards universities.

Where will the money come from to cover the ATS demands? Will these demands curtail university spending in other departments and hobble university expansion? There will be some interesting problems to solve. We await the solutions with interest.

The Opposite to Protest

This article is meant to be a defense. I defend Scarborough College, not as a college, unique for its praiseworthy attributes, but as a part of a typical North American university, a product of that woe-begotten "system" so avidly ravaged by student protesters.

I am sudden sick (alliteration) when overhearing the whine of a complaining hound-faced student, ritually treading a path from coffee-house to cafeteria.

"Scarboro College is like a high school".

"What's there to do way out here?"

Perhaps I am not as aware, as the sensitized protester, in perceiving the injustices dealt to me, but I feel no crushing foot of authority, trouncing upon my individuality, my whims or pleasures. Not a single threatening order has been issued me since my entry into this institution (as it is so distastefully labelled.) I go to class, I do my assignments, I study, I rap in the cafe, I sleep in the library or . . . I don't. I keen or slack at will. Nobody cares . . . and I'm glad.

Ya, I know, it does sting a bit when you proudly announce that you attend Scarboro College and your listener replies "Oh that's that community college on Warden Ave, eh?"

Go ahead. Transfer to main campus. Freeze your traditional a. off during a snow storm. Become one of the statistics reported missing in the drifts or mire in front of convocation hall. Be a lonely forlorn face in the mob. Wiggle and squeal with ecstasy at the sight of a familiar face in one of those damp basement cafeterias.

You may have the odd grievance about the college. I'll buy that. (I'm a reasonable person.) But to compare our poor old college to a high school is an atrocity. (oooo big word.)

Reminisce for a sec. Remember the place where taking a fast, but uncondoned slurp from the water fountain between classes could merit an O.D. (O.D. — office detention just in case the third or fourth year patriachs

have forgotten that dreaded term.) Remember the feel of hot breathing on your neck as a furrow-faced teacher meticulously inspected your homework, religiously each morning of the year. Remember the fixed behaviour of the ancient educator still using the drill method. Recall singing 'God Save the Queen', when you didn't give a crap about the Queen or serenading her first thing in the morning.

There's plenty to do here. Granted you have to expend the energy to remove your behind (being polite), often moulded to the form of a cafeteria chair (a most unbecoming sight girls!) In your aimless shuffling about the college, why not flop into the SCISA office and have a chat with a student from China, Ghana, Nigeria, France or the Islands. (aw come on now, I had to get SCISA in somewhere didn't I).

No I'm not a grinning frosh (sorry guys) still enraptured by the fact that they actually let me in university. No I'm not a mature student (no disrespect intended) slyly seizing an opportunity to reprimand the "ungrateful younger generation." I've braved the final exams. I've endured the February blues. I just happen to like the place.

Yours truly,
angry Heather Hunter.

Berry saves the Day

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polished and proficient bands around. It is much to their credit that they managed a rousing ovation from an audience which had just undergone an attack of "Berry-Berry", and were anxiously awaiting the second dose.

In the second set, Berry shared the spotlight and stage with about a dozen or so fans who desired to add physical dimensions to the emotional release of the night.

To use a time worn and best forgotten phrase, a good time was had by all, all that is, except the hotshot promoters from New College.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Mr. Kligerman and Miss O'Donoghue:

During the past three weeks I have read, in this space, a scathing denunciation of "artsies" as lazy contemptuous beings (by Bob Kligerman), a tear-jerking defense of the glorious sect of "Artsieism" by a righteously indignant first year student whose only redeeming feature is that she is apparently, a girl, and finally a vindictive rebuttal by Mr. Kligerman in which he employed the ultimate weapon to back up his original assertions, statistics!

If we are to dwell exclusively in the realm of empirical reality (please excuse my attempts at literary jargon), Mr. Kligerman is undeniably correct in his assessment of the relative academic aspirations of "artsies" and uh . . . the other guys. Science students do work harder. They have more classes, more labs, more assignments and they spend more time writing editorials. Miss O'Donoghue, (described by Mr. Kligerman when he read her letter as a "know-it-all girl artsie"), wrote "Black circles beneath the eyes are quite common to both arts

and science students." I must say that I find this statement quite incredulous. Indeed I have never seen an artsie with black circles under his eyes . . . at least not from studying. Nevertheless, while I must profess extreme sympathy for Miss O'Donoghue for her good intentions and an equal admiration for Mr. Kligerman for his devastating statistical revelation, I must indeed say that you have both failed to grasp the true essence of "artsieism".

I am an artsie and I am proud of it! — Not because I work as hard as my science counterparts but because I do very little work; not because I go to as many classes as science students but because I attend virtually no classes. I, Mr. K. and Miss O. am an individual who has looked at both arts and science and said "Screw the science, I'm taking the easy way out!" I suggest that Mr. Kligerman has realized the truth too late and is thus rationalizing. Miss O'Donoghue, on the other hand, has failed to realize that it is against the unwritten credo of the "Sacred Order of Artsies" to indulge in the degrading activity of work.

David Chalmers

Estonians Approach College

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The possible design is similar to Tartu College downtown in its communal aspects. Mr. Tampold, in response to questions about the short comings of a tower design, stated that other designs could be drawn up. The only difficulty would be obtaining enough financing to cover a more expensive design.

The rental fees were also discussed. Mr. Tampold felt that \$80-\$85 a month was a reasonable figure. The fee would include laundry facilities.

The Committee came to no definite decision about whether to accept Mr. Tampold's proposal, but proposed that the architect should submit in writing the plans for the building as well as precise estimates of the costs involved.

A residence for the college is probable between 1972 and 1973.

BEING A CLAM YOU MIGHT THINK I LIVE A VERY STAGNANT AND SECLUDED LIFE BECAUSE, OF COURSE, I'M ALWAYS IN ONE PLACE AND NOT BEING AMBULATORY CAN NEVER MOVE AROUND... HOWEVER...



YOU'D BE AMAZED AT THE THINGS THAT I'VE SEEN, SUCH AS SHIP SINKINGS... MISSILES... SUBMARINES, UNDER-WATER EXPLORERS AND UNUSUAL SPECIES OF FISH.....



SO AS YOU CAN SEE, IT REALLY IS AN INTERESTING LIFE THAT I LEAD...



AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT MY PSYCHO-ANALYST TELLS ME!!



STAN LASS

BELLES LETTRES

THE MECHANICAL MAN

One
Two
One
Two
One
Two
One
Two
One
Two
Familiar?
One
Two
One
Two
One
Two
One
Two
The sounds
of the sergeant
giving orders?
No! You are wrong.
They
are
the
sounds
of
the
mechanical man
rushing
to work.

S. P. Argiropoulos

Greetings and woof,
dear droopy darling.
Would'st thou have a dog biscuit?
I say yea, far thou
suredly must know.
Food is food, bow wow, bow wow.

And now I shall embark
on new courses
Of emeralds and rubies,
sapphires (Lynde Star)
Tin can man and the yellow birch road
One cent balloons and
two cent relationships.

You talk and laugh
and smile too often
So, have a cookie of
my mongrels
He offers his paw to
you in friendship
Tasteless though it is
Chew and choke and
spit it out.

Bob Beula

THE ROBIN

Robin, oh robin, what news of
nature do you bring?
To perch upon my window sill
And there your cheery song to sing.
What gossip from our Mother Earth
Do you in me wish to confide?
Oh! Let me open up my window and
let your music come inside.

- Robin, oh robin your
frail breast of red,

What better sight at dawn of day
to rouse me from my bed.
Had you not come I might have
woke and seen a day forlorn
But now — the wonder of your joy.
Has lightened up my morn.
I listened to his lilting song and
gazed toward the sky,
I felt a kind of rapture —
And found I must ask
Why?

Why should the robin's voice
be sweet, and the
human voice so dull?

I closed my window once again...
and crushed his
fucking little skull !!!

Ominous

thru the spiral
convergence
of some endless pipeline
a shadow travels
faster than the
speed of life
towards some meeting point
which also travels
faster than the
speed of life
and disappears

Ric Knowles

WED. 10:15

Snow is falling.
And on the inside of
the window,
A trickle of steam
Begins to live once again;
Swelling with an
outward breath,
Panting and climbing upward
Forming a mountain of
Moist reaction.
Then the warming sun-
The friend of all,
Shows it's face to
kill a dying hope.

- Peter R.W. Millard.
7/ 1/ 70

The Wolf Howl

by Martyn Weir

Howlin' Wolf is perhaps the
greatest blues shouter of all time,
a superlative which I do not use
lightly.

He has been spilling out his
blues for forty-three years, a long
period of time of which the
biggest part was spent living the
blues he sings.

He started in a town called
Doddsville, Mississippi, so long
ago, and played, fought and loved
his way all over the south until,
like so many others, he found
himself in Chicago, broke and
cold, in the winter of 1952.

It is after listening to his story,
as I am indeed lucky to have
done, that one can begin to un-
derstand just what the blues are,
what they mean, and why they go
so much farther beyond being
simple 3-chord, 12-bar music.

Why would a man leave a
successful farm, a guaranteed
income and the accompanying
dignity to go on the road, blind to
the future, and to necessarily
suffer the ills of being black?

The answer lies in the man and
the music, but one can only say
what the world should appreciate just
what the way he spent his life
means to everybody.

Appreciating Howlin' Wolf
(Chester Burnett) means seeing
him and hearing him, an ex-
perience which is not easily or
quickly forgotten.

On stage he instantly captures
the attention of the crowd. From
the beginning he thrusts all his
being into his music, arms
flailing, hips gyrating, and eyes
popping wildly, the band pushing
to match the incredible drive of
this methuselah. Offstage, he is
diametrically opposite to that
character.

He is very slow-moving, and
easy going, not very talkative,
but one suspects that is because

physically, for him, talking is
difficult to do.

He welcomed our interview,
and was surprisingly frank,
candid, and human.

We talked of his early days in
Mississippi, how he really got
started through the Saturday
night jams which spawned many
careers. He lamented how he and
Muddy Waters were the only
originals of that school alive
today. Magic Sam and Little
Walter having died in the past
year, and Willie Dixon inactive
due to failing health.

However, unlike Muddy Waters
and B.B. King, Howlin' Wolf has
not had a substantial boost due to
the white blues movement.
Perhaps this explains the air of
bitterness I perceived when we
discussed the various white
bluesmen and their relative
merits.

He didn't mask his feelings at
all about what he thought about
either his "psychedelic" Electric
Wolf album, or the "Super Super
Blues" album with Muddy and Bo
Diddley. He said that he needed

the money, they paid him well,
and as far as he is concerned, the
records could be dumped in the
lake.

This too is the result of him not
being in a position to tell record
companies what the end product
should be, rather than them
telling him. In fact it has only
been on the past two L.P.'s that
B.B. King has had any say in the
production. This is true because
he is younger than Howlin' Wolf
and has many more years of
recording ability left.

The strain of being on the road
has shown on this man, his hair is
snow white, and his sustenance
lies in the five bottles of pills that
stand before him.

It does not seem very far in the
distance when the time will come
for the Wolf to die. I hope that we
will not look upon him then as
being "one of the best, too bad I
couldn't have seen him, man
those old guys could play eh?!"

He is at the Colonial for one
more week. Do go experience
Howlin' Wolf. It will be good for
you.

Firefighters Invited to College

Scarborough firemen were called to the College last
Monday after a heat detector tripped the main fire detection
system in the College.

Officials blamed the alarm on an over-heated electric
generator in the boiler room. The generator had been used all
day to combat frequent power failures.



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